The cavalry was posted on the flanks. The left was the vital point; and we were that day to fight for the existence of the army and the occupation of Chattanooga. Defeat here would have been a most terrible blow to our cause, for we would have been compelled to recross the Tennessee River and yield up all that had been gained by the Sum-

mer's campaign. The field of battle was a vast forest, whose dense foliage prevented us from seeing 50 yards in our front. About 9 o'clock the enemy moved up to attack. Our men

HELD THEIR FIRE

until the front line could be easily seen, and then opened up with a volley which Their lines fell back, reformed, and tried it again. Five or six times this was gone afternoon gloom. The single passenger in a through with.

The loss was heavy on the part of the enemy, but insignificant on our part, considering the brave work done. Gen. Palmer was on the left of his division all day, and I was on the right of mine.

This brought us together. Late Sunday evening the fighting was heavy to our right and rear, under the eye of Gen. Thomas. Defeat at that point would have placed the successful enemy in our wear.

reserve brigades to that point, which we did, and Thomas told me afterwards that their timely arrival

SAVED THE DAY. I then said to him that he was indebted to Palmer (now Senator), who made the suggestion. About six o'clock trembling, as if frightened or over-fatigued. the army fell back to Rossville, and on the following day but one we took up our position in front of Chattanooga.

In 1832 the Indians were encamped | closed. on the stream upon which this battle was fought, and on or near this battleground.

Col. Dan McCook, a brigade com- hours." mander, reported to Gen. Thomas that there was a Confederate brigade on the main army; that he

COULD CAPTURE IT

with his brigade if he would allow him to attempt it. Thomas consented and McCook moved forward.

Division, and his by others, until the was on the north side of the stream.

In the National Cemetery at Chattanooga lie 14,000 brave men, the greater of the war, there is always a tinge of sadness in the thought that so many of that terrible struggle.

Go where you will, on the wind-swept prairie or in the mansion, you will find sworn to butcher him like a rat in a trap, those who still mourn for friends who were closing upon him. offered up their lives freely that our country might live.

A generation has come to the front dissolution and rebellion. May this Lautte, in the same tone, great kindness, and may our country seas from his or "know war no more."

TO THE COMPADES OF THE GRAND ARMY.

HENRY B. WAUGH, WHITMAN, MASS. [Read at the installation of the officers of Post No. 127, Department of Massachuretts.]

Comrades of the old Grand Army, Who marched out in 'sixty-one, Served beneath the folds of "Glory," Till the Nation's cause was wou;

You have felt the shock of battle. You have heard the carnon's roar, And the deadly musker's rattle In those days, long gone before.

Those were days that tried your courage, Proved the mettle of your soul; Days that will not be forgotten While the wheels of time shall roll.

Joy was born of every victory, Sorrow followed each defeat, As the Union lines went "forward,"

Or were driven in "retreat," By your sides there marched so bravely Many a comrade of your youth,

Who, upon the field of battle, Gave their young lives for the Truth ; They were left along the wayside, You marched on to friends and home; They were taken to the glory

Of the life which is to come. You have fluished martial service. And its conflicts all are o'er;

But you're marching, sure and steady, As you did in days of yore; And your lootsteps now are leading To that other, mystic shore,

And the cannons never roar, As you march in life's great battle Keep your faces toward the foes Who are threatening the Republic

Where there is no day of battle,

With the worst of Europe's woes. Keep the Union fires forever On your altar burning bright:

Murch with steady step, and never Wheel your column from the Right. March together in the conflict

Of the Right against the Wrong; In the bonds of Love fraternal May your hearts be ever strong, And your Loyalty, unquestioned, As the our's rays, ever wright;

Till the strife of Time is ended And we reach the "Land of Light," Somewhat Satirical.

hybition of myself."

[Cincinnuti Inquirer.] "Aw, why don't you brace up?" sneered Manenting Mike at the trembling Sher ff. "I-I never hanged a man before," said



It was drizzling, and the banquette was overlaid with a black slush which seemed to ooze from the very paving-stones. The girl staggered the enemy. His second line standing on the corner-her slim, whitewas pushed on and met a similar fate. gowned figure softly outlined against the pink stucco of the wall behind her—appeared street-car crawling past, glauced out at her with a momentary gleam of interest. "She

pare, for whiteness, with the Bayon lilyhovering about the dark marsh like a tethered soul-pure, spotless, radiant; exhaling an innocent perfume, its flexible stem rooted far

The drizzle became a downpour, and the few pedestrians scurried into shelter, leaving His blue cotton shirt—he wore no coat—was the narrow street quite deserted. The girl drew a little further under the high, projecting balcony, with its wrought-iron balustrade. Palmer suggested that we send our Her white gown, slightly open at the throat, as if designed for indoors, was drenched with the wind-blown rain; though, by some sight of his prey his face lighted horribly. miracle, the hem remained unsmirched by "Li move nomme!" he hissed, with a forward the ooze beneath her feet. She was very spring. young. The delicate, almost child-like face beneath her round hat was pale; her violet eyes had a strained, expectant look. She leaned against the wall of the old building, The heavy batten shutters were flung back; their enormous bolts turned aslant; the inner doors, whose upper halves were composed of fancifully-shaped panes of ground-glass, were

On the same spot-christened by some deadand-gone wag, The Corner of Absinthe and Anisette-stood, in the year of our Lord 1813, The cholera broke out among them, the selfsame building. It was even then and many died. After the disease was more than a quarter of a century old, and a abated the chief men assembled and named the stream Chickamanga, signifying, in their language, "The River of a thin scattering of houses stretching down Death," and it again became one in to the river. The steep roof of the single 1863, as about 14,000 men fell on that | squat story was tiled; a long arm thrust out from the caves held a lantern over the muddy, unpaved street. It was a cabaret then as This battle had a queer beginning. now; and then, as now, famous for its "green

Its rough outer wall, one morning in the large printed poster which set forth, in the quick movement on the girl's part. north side of the river, and that the three languages then current in the old town bridge in its rear had been destroyed, on the Mississippi, the misdeeds of one Jean | tended victim, and the alligator knife in making it impossible for it to rejoin the | Latitte, smuggler, marauder, desperade and | Dominique's hand, descending, sheathed itself pirate, and offered in the name of His Ex- in her bosom. cellency Governor Claiborne, a reward of and his delivery into the hands of justice.

The laughing eyes of a knot of "apparent" idlers on the wooden banquette were turned | The old man passed his hand over his start-Soon he was reinforced by Brannan's handsome man-no less a person then Jean child of his neighbor and old comrade-in-arms whole army was involved. McCook blown against the signature of His (late against his forehead. was mistaken, as the entire rebel army Provisional) Excellency. But there were covert flashes of malign intelligence in some our comrades, who by their courage and | ing bravado. But he was not thinking of | mised the truth. bravery illustrated the annals, fell in himself. His car was strained to catch the The deaf old cabaret-keeper came out to

> It was the knowledge of his friend's imchief from his lagoon fastnesses. "How about that last bale of smuggled

glass of absinthe, unaware that his enemies,

the hardships endured by our brave dark-browed man, lightly, edging nearer to carried over his arm was frayed and much men, who risked their lives to rescue | the want as he space. the country from the greedy maw of His Excellency, the Governor!" returned

generation treat the old soldier with | "And the gold chain captured on the high sens from His Grace the Mexican Bishop?"

"Sold off in inches for the repose of His | if with palsy. Grace's soul,"

hand, as he spoke, was on the door. "A again with a nauseate shudder and turned into the dimly-lighted cabaret. And, catch- dropping upon the rade bench outside the used on Oct. 4 and 5, 1864. ing the bewildered young officer into the door, and drawing the brim of his hat over from the floor, bore him through the very sight. "God! I am dying for it, yet I canmidst of his enemies, turned the corner with | not drink it! There were exactly those green, the leaping speed of a stag, and disappeared | changing lights in her eyes that day! And behind a clump of cabins in the direction of when I remember"—he threw out his arms the swamp. A howl of rage and a volley with a gesture of self-loathing-"when I reof shot from the baffled plotters followed the member that I am, after all, a Lafitte only fugitives, but they were already safe from by adoption-! "-Romance, by permission.

A few days later Destrehan was about starting on his roundabout journey to France. A pirogue, dancing on the breast of the sinuous bayou which led away from the outlaw's stronghold at Barrataria, awaited him with its lithe dark-skinned paddler. "If ever a Destrehan"-these were his parting words to Lafitte, with a warm handclasp-"if ever a Destrehan fails a Lafitte in the hour of need, may his soul die and his bones rot unburied."

creased. She moved nearer to the closed door

Within there was a drowsy silence. The fat, hald-headed proprietor was nodding over an ontworn copy of La Monche. It was midway between les heurs vertesearly and late-of the staid and respectable habitues who came with the regularity of unimpeachable clocks every day at noon, and every day before setting toward their late

dinners. The floor had been resanded since noon and swept into fresh geometrical figures, and the old-fashioned wooden bar, with its simple fixtures, was in readines for the 6 o'clock

There was, however, a single patron, who stood with his left hand resting lightly on the ber, in his right he held a small tumbler; the wan light, filtering in through the groundglass of the door, fell upon its cloudy-green contents, giving them a strange, unearthly

The min, who was elegantly and fashionably attir d, was young and extraordinarily handsome, though his face showed signs of dissipation, and his dark eyes, beneath the thick brows, had a bold, unpleasant expression.

He wore a white flower in his buttonhole. He lifted the glass to his lips, but set it down hastily. "Octave Lafitte!" It was a whisper, a faintly dying breath, but he heard his own name distinctly pronounced. He looked at the deaf old man, half asleep in his chair; then he stepped noiselessly to the door. "Wot if you didn't. I never was bung The rain, striking him full in the face as he before, neither; but I ain't makin' no ex- opened it, blurred his vision for a second. "Mademoiseile Destran! Leonie!" he exclaimed, starting back surprised, his dark face VISITING WAR SCENES.

She lifted her hand, "Stay, Monsieur," she said, speaking rapidly and in French; 'there is no time for words. I was following you, and I saw you enter here. I have been waiting for you to come out, but I dared wait no longer. You must leave this State-this country at once. Stay "-for he was beginning to speak-"'Toinette Farge, on Bayon to her father that it is you,"-a wave of crimson dyed her face and throat, but she con-He has sworn to hunt you down like a dog. My father is ill-we fear he is dying-he could not come himself to warn you-I did not even | Arrived at this place about midnight." stop to change my dress-I have been traveling all day." She stopped, panting for breath, with her hand pressed to her side.

His eyes were glowing; he smiled exult-"And you have done this for me, Leonie, for me!" he whispered, tenderly, moving toward her with outstretched arms.

She drew away with a gesture of loathing. You! God forbid!" she cried." I do the looks like a Bayou lily," he murmured, re- duty of the Destrehan to the Lafitte," she

It was already too late. There was a sound Dominique Farge came around the corner-a large, old man, with a swart-bearded face. open at the throat, showing his massive chest, hairy wrists. His deep-sunken eyes were bloodshot; his long, grizzled hair, soaked and matted by the rain, clung to his cheeks. At



LIKE A BAYOU LILY.

Lafitte, with his eyes on the uplifted hand, Autumn of that year, was adorned with a stood rooted to his place. But there was a She had thrown herself in front of the in-

Without a cry, and like a Bayou lily whose \$500 for the capture of the said Jean Lafitte | stem has been suddenly cut, the white figure sank into the ooze of the banquette, her spirting blood dying the stuccoed wall.

alternately from this placard to the tall, ing eyes. He did not even stoop to see if the Latitte himself!—who leaned against the were dead, but, stepping back a pace, he drew wall, the long curling locks of his hair a revolver from his belt and placed the muzzle

His body fell heavily at her feet. The report of the pistol brought a voluble, of the laughing eyes, and an imperceptible hurrying crowd in the drowned street, but movement of the crowd toward the batten there had been no witness of the double door at the outlaw's right hand. His own tragedy-which caused extraordinary comnumber of whom fell in this battle. glances, as he handied jests with the leaders, ment. No one ever knew its meaning. While it is pleasant to recall the events toying the while with the fringed end of his Toinette Farge, cowering over her nameless green silk sash, went warily about. He infant in the cabin on Bayou Desnoyers; Henry knew himself to be in danger of arrest; he Destran on his deathbed in the old Destrehan might, indeed, pay with his life for his seem- plantation-house-even these but dimly sur-

slightest sound within the cabaret, where watch the removal of the dead bodies, leav- ing days I was on the mountain, very busy, Henri Destrehan was blithely quaffing his ing the little room quite empty. The untasted glass of absinthe on the bar

glowed like a huge scintillating opal in the purple shadows. A year later, a man drifted at nightfall one pending peril which had drawn the pirate day-alone-into a cheap pothouse on the outskirts of Paris. There was an air of decayed gentility about him. His well-fitting clothes the members of which know nothing of silk brocade, Lafitte?" demanded a brawny, were shabby. The lining of the topcoat he

His face, covered with a stubble of black beard, was haggard. His dark, shifting eyes

had a dull, outworn expression. The hand which he stretched out toward the little glass pushed toward him by the gruff, ill-looking proprietor, shook almost as

He grasped the slender stem eagerly and He had dropped the end of his sash. His raised the glass to his lips, but set it down moi, Destrehon, a moi!" he cried, bursting away. "I cannot drink it!" he muttered, sweep of his powerful arm, he lifted him his eyes, as if to shut out something from his

An Asthma Cure at Last.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeey, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Leonies Destran, apparently unconscious of Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the the rain which continued to fall, was waiting | matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures still. The pallor of her delicate face had in- | are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

GOING INTO CAMP.

8. B. ROOT, FRESNO, CAL. We're going into camp, boys! Going into camp! Our head of column, years ago, Was there, in earth's abounding glow! And still our forces, waxing slow, Are passing on through fields below.

Going into camp!

We're going into camp, boys! Going into camp! There Lincoln heads the high and great, With Grant, the giver stern of fate! There Sherman halls accession late, With Sheridan, a starry mate, Going into camp!

Shall lie amongst the early blest! And joys supernal light the breast. To know the last shall be the best, Going into camp! We're going into camp, boys! Going into camp! There wait our nameless brave and good, Who with ourselves in dangers stood!

They haste to greet the "brotherhood,"

All white, from "garments rolled in blood,"

We're going into camp, boys!

Our rear of column, soon at rest.

Going into camp!

Going into camp!

Reminiscences of a United States Signal Corps Man.

Desnoyers, near our plantation, has confessed BY A. D. FRANKENBERRY, POINT MARION, PA.

On page 760 Gen. John M. Corse, in report tinued to look steadily at him-"that it is sent personally to Gen. Sherman, under date you who have disgraced her and ruined their of Allatoons, Oct. 7, 1864, says: "Started home. Old Dominique Farge will kill you. from Rome, Ga., at 8:30 p. m., Oct. 4, on signal telegram from you, via Allatoona, with a portion of one brigade of my division. Again, Gea. Corse in his second report,

says: "On the 4th instant my command was in readiness to move in the morning either on Wheeler, if he should attempt to pass south, or to the assistance of Gen. curiously at variance with the November "Then you do care for me! You do those places were threatened. At the re-Raum at Carterville or Allatoona, in case telegraphed to Kingston for cars, intending sending a brigade to Carterville, to be placed at his disposal, but another signal from Gen. There is nothing earthly which can com
added, calmly. "But you must go at once, Monsieur. Dominique Farge may reach the whole command changed the program, and I city at any moment. Go, before it is too | immediately got ready to move to Allatoona with my division as soon as the cars should

arrive from Kingston." of footsteps above the rush of the rain, and | From private letter to me, dated Headquarters Army of the United States, Washington, D. C., Dec. 24, 1862, I quote:

The messages sent by the signal flags from Kennesaw to Gen. Corse at Rome and Allatoona were and the unbuttoned sleeves fell away from his | verbal messages of which no record was had. \* \* \* My purpose was to bring reinforcements to Aliatoona from Rome and to hold on to Aliatoona till I could reach it with an adequate force.

\* \* Yours truly, W. T. SHERMAN.

This entire letter is in Gen. Sherman's own hanwriting, and is highly valued by me. Besides all this the following letter tells the importance of the message: H'D'QS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,

IN THE FIELD, GAYLESVILLE, ALA., Oct. 27, 1864. Hon, E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War, SIR: Capt. Backtell, Chief of the Signal Corps, serving with this army, has asked my candid opinion of the services of that corps during the period of my command in this army.

I have watched their operations close, and willingly admit their zeal, and any expression that may 111 have escaped me to the prejudice of that corps re-

sulted from accidents of nature; such as fog, intervening forests, etc., that impeded them when I was over-anxious for news. But in several instances this corps has transmitted orders and brought me information of the greatest importance, that could not have reached I will instance one most remarkable case. When

the enemy had cut our wires, and actually made a lodgment on our railroad about Big Shanty, the Signal Officers on Vining's Hill, Kennesaw, and Allatoona sent my orders to Gen. Corse at Rome, whereby Gen. Corse was enabled to reach Alia-toons just in time to defend it. Had it not been for the services of this corps on that occasion, I am satisfied we should have lost the garrison at Allatoons, and a most valuable de- n k n o w n us and the country more than the aggregate expense of the whole Signal Corps for one year (for this war). I am therefore willing to bear my testimony to the great utility of this corps, as well as the marked zeal which has always characterized their personal behavior. During this campaign several of their officers have lost their lives in the

front rank. I am, with respect, (Signed) W. T. Sherman, Major-General, Commanding. Several years ago some persons made a claim that Lieut. W. H. Sherfy, Signal Officer, was the person who sent the famous

message, and that he or his relatives had

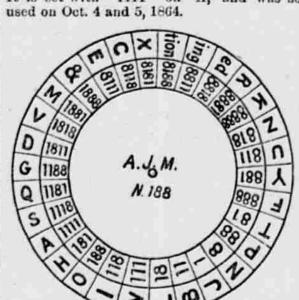
the signal-flag used on that occasion.

In the same volume, on pages 737-9, Lieut. "During Oct. 1, 2, 3, was in camp at East Point, Ga. \* \* On the 4th, started from camp, \* \* marched 20 miles, and bivouacked at 11 p. m. On the 5th, marched eight miles and encamped. I went to Marietta to assist in getting signal communications between Headquarters of Gens. Sherman and Howard. \* \* \* Oct. 6, in camp at Fifteenth Corps Headquarters. 7th, I went to station near Hendquarters to see if my services were needed there, and afterward went out to the front to look for signals on to go to Kennesaw Mountain, and started immediately, arriving and taking charge of station at 4 p. m. During the three succeed-

and passed many important messages." So Lient. W. H. Sherfy says he went to Corse at Rome was sent on the 4th, the battle was fought and won on the 5th. In the army commanded by Gen. Sherman dicular. To make "8" the flag is waved to

the right hand from the upright position to the ground and retured to upright position. To make "1" the flag is waved to the left in like manner. To make "5" the flag is made to descend to the front to the ground "5" indicated end of word, two "5's" end The different combinations represented by the numbers "1" and "8" represented the letters of the whole alphabet.

Here is a disc used by the Signal Corps; It is set with "1111" on "A," and was so



DISC SET AS USED OCT. 4, 1864. The disc is an exact copy of the one Capt. Samuel Bachtell, now of Columbus, O., who was Gen. Sherman's Chief Signal Officer. carried with him through the war. I met him at Chattanooga last September, and he the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from kindly loaned it to me to copy. Disks were Asthma. Send them your name and address on two circular cards, fastened by thumbscrew in center; on the smaller one were the numbers, and the larger the letters of Sandtown road. I have Garrard's Division in old the alphabet, both just as arranged above. rebel works. The discs, by turning, could be changed, and so change the cypher. Flags, small for short distance and six feet square for long distance, were used in daytime, and torches my command will be here within one hour. Will were used at night; and to enable us to see | you direct me as to position we shall take? better, fine field-glasses were used on short distances and large telescopes on long distances. At times rockets were also used at night, generally to attract attention and to locate

On Kennesaw Mountain we built a wooden station, perhaps four by six feet, and about six feet high, with door on south | had passed the intersection of the roads, and Gen.

Shooting pains in the head and face are

symptoms of neuralgia, "the prayer of the nerves for pure blood." Therefore to cure neuraigla purify the blood and build up by taking

Sarsaparilla Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, bil. terest your readers to know of him.

our telescopes protruded, looking on the sig-nal stations in Atlanta to the south, and Allatoona to the north. On Sept. 17, 1864, I helped take down a small house at base of mountain and haul and pack the lumber to the top of Kennesaw-haul it as far as we could drive a wagon, and then take it on our backs and "tote" it to the top, and same day and the 18th helped build the

can tell what became of the house? I have the following original signal message received on Kennesaw Mountain, Oct. 4 and 5, 1864. I give the numbers and the deciphering. We took these numbers down, and with the cipher-disc added the letters; and so read the message:

station-house. I last saw it May 14, 1865,

from Allatoona, when on my return north

from Athens, Ga., to Huntsville, Ala. Who

Bachtell dated at Rome, Oct. 27, 1864, on page 762, 11 1111 8118 181 81 8111 18 18 5 8118 5 1118 8111 5 1888 5 8881 8111 1111 1811 5 8881 8111 11 5 1118 81 tion o n 1 s quest of Gen. Raum for reinforcements I 1111 1888 5 188 8 5 18 1118 81 5 1881 81 55 1118 8 1811 5 1881 8111 5 1 0 0 k & 888 18 188 188 8888 5 1888 5 1111 1118 188 8 1111 1118 5 118 5 8 8111 8111 1811 5 1118 18 1111 1118 1118 8111 1118 55 1118 5 1111 5 888 8881 1881 8111 5 & a w & e t w o 1888 5 1111 111 1888 8111 5 81 111 188 5 1881 1185 11 8111 881 188 8 1811 5 strong attraction for several varieties of venem-18 188 1118 81 5 1881 81 5 8118 5 1111 118 85 111 81 8118 181 8818 55 1118 118 818 8111 5 188 pository of provisions there, which was worth to 8 8888 8 188 111 8 55 1118 8111 5 o r t y o 118 888

111 1111 1188 8 1118.44 181 188 111 1188 1111 81 8111 555 When deciphered the above reads:

BACHTELL: Can see and read reb station on Lost Mountain. Send me Flook and wagons to-night, as I need glasses. Saw from two miles beyond Lost Mountain. Can see reb wagon-train, with teams unhitched. Size of train unknown. See 40 or 50 wagons.

HOWGATE.

Here is another: 118 18 88 rick says 8881 118 8118 8888 5 1118 1111 881 1118 5 181 1111 8881 1811 8111 8111 1118 5 Lost Mountain. At noon I received orders 8118 188 8881 88 1118 5 118 1118 5 m o v ing f r' 1881 188 1818 8811 5 888 8881 1881 5 188 111 1811 Kennesaw Mountain Oct. 7. The message to 1118 88 8881 8811 1118 5 81 188 5 L 0 8 t M t WE WANT A BOY the Signal Corps used the 1-8 code; a flag- L e e & S t e wman stands with a signal flag held perpen- 18 8111 8111 5 1888 5 1118 81 8111 111 1111 8881 81 5 8881 5 11 111 8 5 Lost Mt & 18 188 1118 81 5 1881 81 5 1888 5 and return again to the upright. So one 81 5 8881 881 55 111 118 18 18 5 of sentence, and three "5's" end of message. 181 1111 18 81 5 181 1811 5 188 88 5 c o l m n h e r 8118 188 18 1881 8 5 181 8111 8881 8111 5 1888 5 1118 8 1811 5 1111 5 brigonr 11 8881 118 1188 5 188 8 5 8881 8111 o n n o 1111 188 8 8 188 118 1118 8118 8 8118 8111 5 81 188 5

G 1188 555. Kilpatrick says Hardee's Corps is moving from Powder Springs to Lost Mountain. Lee and Stewart are between Lost Mountain and Turner's Ferry. Will halt head of column here and send a brigade on a reconnoisance to Piue Top.

The numbers in the last message are in States should jump at it. and received. Among the original dispatches delivered to Gen. Sherman on Kennesaw on the 5th of October, 1864, and left behind by him in the signal station, are the following: GEN. SHERMAN: Gen. Kilpatrick reports Hardee moving from Powder Spring to Lost Mountain; Lee and Stewart on Hardee's left toward railroad, Kilpatrick is on the Dallas & Marietta Road, and is No date to above

MARIETTA, 5th. Maj.-Gen. Sherman: The leading division of J. D. Cox. Brigadier-General, commanding Army

HEADQUARTEES GEN. OSTERHAUS'S COLUMN (FIFTEENTH CORPS), Oct. 5, 1864; 91/2 a. m. Maj.-Gen. SHERMAN, commanding, GENERAL: I found Gen. Davis and his entire com mand about two miles southwest of our camp last night. He thought this column ought to halt for him to pass, but before I reached the head of the column, to see Gen. Osterhaus, an entire division end. Through the sides of this building Osterhaus will now move on, expecting soon to reach the road he is to take to the left. I write to you because Gen. Howard has gone forward with Gen, Ransom, and in hope this will find you at Smyrna. Gen. Davis will be only delayed while

our division passes. Respectfully, your obedient servant, C. H. Howard, Lieutenant-Colonel and A. A. G. Maj.-Gen. Sherman, communading. During all the time I was on Kennesaw our camp and wagons and horses were at the base of the mountains; part of the time in a deserted house. I visited the house last September, or rather the remains of it, as only the chimney now stands, and cotton is now growing where we grazed our horses then. On the 28th of September, 1864, my horse, named "Dick," was stolen about daylight from this camp. As Dick has a great history and was even a "veteran" and a The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; six for \$5. smost magnificent horse, I believe it will in- this coupon, with which he can begin canvassing.

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A SOLDIER'S NERVE. A Startling Incident Showing the Perils of Life in the Jungles of India. [New York Mercury.]

The bluff old Major from the Queen's army had listened attentively to the campfire tales of his companions. He put a fresh charge of fragrant tobacco in the veteran pipe that he had been smoking and the three occupants of the compartment lapsed into expectant silence, waiting to hear from him. "The bravest man I ever met was not on

the field of battle," he began. "He was a soldier, but I know very little about his military record, and yet when I say he was the bravest man I ever knew I think I know what I am talking about. We were campaigning in India and for months the command had simply been idling time away. We were all thoroughly tired of a life of routine military inactivity, and finally a party of five of us secured a two-weeks' leave of absence, which we proposed to spend in a hunt for big game. "One of our number was a senior regimental officer, who had been through 10 years' service in India. He had been the guiding spirit of

our expedition. Seated a few feet away from him and to his left was a young junior company officer, who had but recently joined his command. We had been eating fruit, which was of a kind that bears a very peculiar scent. Private Dalzell's Bureau of It is a tradition that this native fruit has a ous reptiles, which are peculiar to that climate. I, at least, am convinced that there is something more than tradition in it.

"As I have said, we were talking of adventures when, in a moment of silence, the bluff old regimental officer, looking steadily at the young Lieutenant to his left, slowly said : "Do you think you could keep your presence of mind under the most trying circum-

"Dead silence followed the Colonel's question, and the young officer, looking quizzically at his interrogator, replied:

"Yes, I think I could." " 'Then the time has come when you must 888 5 be put to the test. Move not a muscle until I

tell you, or you are a dead man.' "Then the bronzed old warrior slowly drew his pistol from his hostler, and, taking deliberate aim, he fired a shot at the very feet of the man to whom he had addressed his ominous question. For the space of a second we 188 8881 81 881 5 188 8881 5 all sat like statues, then the Colonel, in a tone of relief, exclaimed:

" 'it's all right now, boys; I've killed it.' "We were all on our feet in an instant, eager to know what danger had threatened our young comrade. At his feet lay the coiling, squirming body of a huge cobra, the most venemous reptile that haunts the jungles of India. I think the man who calmly faced that danger was the bravest man I ever met," said the Major, and no one dissented.

Delegates have been appointed to represent the Australian colonies in the Pacific cable conference to be held in London. They will urge that Great Britain, Canada, and Australia each bear one-third of the cost.

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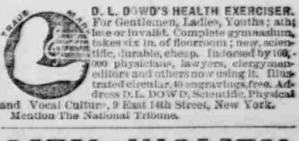
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